

EL PASO HERALD

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Dedicated to the service of the people, that no good cause shall lack a champion, and that evil shall not thrive unopposed.

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This Is the Vital Need

IT IS a mistake to assume that the "Save the Babies" campaign can be dropped with the passing of summer. Summer is the worst season for certain diseases of childhood, but El Paso's problem is perpetual, and the work must be kept up 365 days in the year with undiminished vigilance. For many years the Woman's Charity association has looked out for the most urgent physical needs of the children of the poor, and it has done its work wisely, efficiently and economically. It was not, however, until the baby saving work was definitely organized as a separate department of the Charity, in charge of an expert specially trained for this service and personally devoted in spirit to the cause, that the opportunity opened for broader constructive effort—something more than charity, genuinely creative and strikingly effective for permanent betterment. The final object of every worthy endeavor is to better the conditions of existence, and this "Save the Babies" campaign which has been so successfully conducted in El Paso during the four months just closed will stand the test.

False notions of the methods of modern charity prevail among a large proportion of the people, even among those generally well informed and intelligent. The many people seem to think that the money disbursed must go directly into food and clothing, medical attendance and rent arrears, in order to fulfil the demands; and the critics are quick to condemn the expenditures for administration. You often hear the complaint that "too much is spent in salaries, printing, and carfare, and too little for the benefit of the poor." As a matter of fact, the best conducted charity is characterized by the minimum of expenditure for direct "relief" and the maximum of expenditure for personal service, that personal contact and wisely planned aid that mean permanent betterment and the development of a spirit of self help among the poor. This little comment is pertinent to the charity work here in El Paso, which is highly efficient and productive of permanent results for the good of the whole community. The financial statement of the "school for mothers" and baby clinic shows total expenditures since May 1, 1909, \$67,622; average monthly expense, \$1,692.33; administration cost, \$476.85, leaving \$200 for medicine, supplies, food, and other forms of direct "relief." The administrative cost covers the salaries of the trained experts in charge of the baby clinic and the district visiting, together with stationery and office supplies. Here is what the work of the "school for mothers" (district visiting) really has meant in hours of labor and well directed service to the community.

Nearly 1000 visits to the homes of the poor, carrying the loving care, the personal contact, the skilled aid and sound advice, the training of mothers and children along sanitary and hygienic lines, the inspiration to higher ideals and better habits, that can only come through trained social service of experienced and devoted workers in the field of modern scientific organized charity;

Over 400 separate cases of disease and weakness among infants reached and handled with enlightened methods, looking toward permanent improvement of living conditions as well as toward the recovery of the helpless baby;

Over 50 "clinics" conducted, each lasting some three hours, and the series attended by nearly 1500 persons seeking advice and medical aid, the largest number attending in any one day being 52 and the average 28; the physicians in charge volunteer their services;

Over 60 separate diseases represented among the children of the poor to whom has been brought the benefit of intelligent and effective medical relief; 1540 prescriptions dispensed, almost all medicines being made up at the dispensary out of the stock of drugs bought at wholesale, thus effecting a tremendous saving in the cost of medicines for the poor;

Some 120 cases of serious illness found in which no medical care was being provided by the family;

More than 120 reports of contagious disease and unsanitary conditions; 26 destitute cases reported to the charity organizations;

The baby clinic cost, outside of its share of administration, \$85 for gowns, laundry, soap, instruments, fly screens, printing and distributing leaflets, etc. Over 300 articles of clothing were furnished, and in numerous cases nursing bottles, coats, mattresses, hammocks, the contributions of charitable persons;

The milk and ice depot at a cost of \$92 supplied or distributed 2116 quarts of milk, 7500 pounds of ice, and 500 quarts of distilled water;

A club of boys and girls living in Chihuahuita was formed with 45 members, the object being to promote personal and community cleanliness and right living; instruction in sanitation and good personal habits is given, and the members are given an outing every week; 75 articles of clothing were dispensed through the club as needed in the various families;

A sewing class for mothers, recently organized, meets weekly for instruction in dressing infants and for the making of necessary garments; a limited amount of material is supplied and the mothers do the work for themselves;

At nominal expense an exhibit has been fitted up, to which mothers are sent to learn how to dress the baby, give baths, make beds, hammocks, and refrigerators, screen foods and utensils from flies, promote sanitation around the home, etc.

Thus the work broadens out; with such a record for four months, the "administration cost" seems very low, and no reader can fail to be impressed with the vital importance of such service. El Paso must sustain it. We cannot afford to let it lapse for a day. We have the object lesson before us, and we are face to face with our greatest problem as a community—the betterment of the conditions of living for the masses, and the saving of child life. There is no more deserving channel for charitable investment.

More than that, there is no more vital public need, and no more legitimate outlet for the public funds. It is self defense—our own salvation and physical welfare depend upon it, the safe and worthy citizenship of half the community depends upon it. This is the vital and personal duty and opportunity of each and all of us, and the work thus so successfully begun by the Woman's Charity association must be generously sustained for permanence and for increasing usefulness.

The trouble is, we elect to office men whom we would not trust to manage our own businesses or to administer our estates.

Laredo, Texas, will soon have natural gas piped into the city for manufacturing and lighting purposes. This is something of a surprise to many readers, but there are plenty of things about Texas that the outside world appreciates better than we do ourselves. The gas is to be piped 30 miles to Laredo, and it is expected that other sections can also be supplied cheaply. It is probably only a matter of a few years before El Paso will have both gas and oil piped in from the fields of west Texas and New Mexico. It is an unhatched chicken we are not counting, but we can use him all right when he comes out.

Strife and Farm News

FROM up the valley, around La Mesa in Dona Ana county, continue to come to The Herald letters setting forth the opposing statements of political factions, and the personal grievances of individuals. The letters are interesting, and if The Herald were in the business of promoting political and civil warfare this paper would publish the letters with delight. However, it appears to us that to continue the bitter controversy can only result in more bitterness, and possibly even in material injury to the community directly involved.

If such conditions exist there as some of the correspondents describe, they are to be deplored. There can be little encouragement for new settlers to take up residence in a community where strife and bitterness are the rule. Now that the primaries are over, won't it be better, good people, to get back to the real work of farming for love of the work and for sake of gain? The Herald may be overly regardful of what it deems the solid interests of the upper valley, but it cannot help expressing the opinion that peace is much to be desired if it bring no dishonor or if there be no hope of present relief from the results of evil political methods.

The difference as disclosed by the letter writers does not appear to be one of opinion and judgment, but a difference in the conception of the truth, and in the estimate of personal veracity. The Herald cannot assume to judge between the factions, and to print further communications about the dispute, now that the meetings are history, can only promote discord—and it certainly won't increase the apple crop and the yield of wheat per acre. We hope this will satisfactorily explain why certain recent letters have not appeared in print.

Copper stocks are decreasing, and the outlook for the metal is improving somewhat. There must, however, be a general revival in new construction work for power and transportation before the market will rebound with any degree of enthusiasm.

No doubt there are excesses and corruptions among the railroads in dealing with some legislative bodies, and no doubt the excesses and corruptions of some legislative bodies drive the railroads to sell their soulless carcasses for one sweet breath of fresh air. The horrified "country members" we are always reading about in the mucker magazines as overhearing telephone conversations and getting wise to a railroad shell game may even be the same "country members" who think it is smart to value a railroad's property twice as high for taxing purposes, as for the issue of its securities. Dishonesty always comes home to roost.

UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

I SAID to the Oriental: "Your enemy comes apace, and he'll make a wreck of your swanlike neck, and ruin your swarthy face. He's armed with a large revolver, a crowbar in his hand; and he says he'll camp on your frame and tramp your innards into the sand." Then the sad-eyed Oriental, he looked at the sinking sun; and he gazed afar at the evening star, and the desert drear and dim. And he said: "Let him come and slay me, and here by my door I'll wait; for what is written is written, and nothing can alter fate." I said to the Occidental: "Your roe man is drawing near; he says he will sit on your head a bit, and give you a wooden ear. He comes in his wrath and fury! He comes like a train of cars! You'd better like down the winding pike, or bear half a hundred scars!" And the keen-eyed Occidental, he murmured: "No let him come! I will meet him there where the road is bare, and I'll peck out his 'make things hum!' They met, and the scrap was lovely; the crowner pecked the freight; for what is written is written, and nothing can alter fate.

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STRAIGHT TALKS WITH BOYS AND MEN

BY DR. MADISON C. PETERS.

Self Support At College

THE man who regards a college training from the viewpoint of its use as a means of securing a living is even lower. Even as newsboy in the odd hours, a hustler could earn that. If you sing or play, musically, "at homes," etc., are easily open to the enterprising man. The student who can turn his talent into cash.

Reporting college news can be made a source of income. Private tutoring may help you to continue with your studies. Running an eating club, you can get your board free. Stationery stands in your rooms might open a thriving business, or an agency for a laundry, athletic goods, etc., would yield good returns. If you are a barber, take the implements of your craft with you to college. Success will be sure. If you are a tailor, students need repairs, or work up a newspaper. In the summer time the mountain and seaside resorts clamor for help. Employers will be glad to give students the preference.

More money makers can succeed without education, but money making is not the highest kind of business.

The chance of a properly educated man in holding a position as against an uneducated man is as 250 to 1. One percent of the population attend college. Of the seventeen thousand successful men in "Who's Who in America," seventy percent went to college. A college education is an investment of from \$1000 to \$1500 and the only men who cannot make it pay in the investment are those who have no special qualifications as men.

But how to be self-supporting at college is the problem that confronts most ambitious men.

That too much money is a handicap is proven by the fact that poor boys so often out-distance the rich in the race for college honors.

Though the living expenses of college life are easily increased, there is a corresponding increase in the methods of self-support. Tuition is as a rule cheap in all colleges, while even at the leading colleges, board by means of cooperation.

Difficulties stand in the way of self-support in college, but as Epictetus says, "Difficulties are things that show what men are." The man who works his way through college, clean, healthy, self-reliant, needs no other credentials.

Convict By Choice

By T. C. Bridges.

PRINCIPAL WARDEN ROUSE, of Moorlands Gaol, walked down the long corridor of hall B, stopped opposite cell 57, and selecting a key from the bunch which dangled at his side, opened the door.

A small, elderly man in the blue-striped outdoor dress was sitting on the stool in the center of the tiny, but sumptuously clean, cell. On the bed lay a neat suit of dark cloth, together with a print shirt, a white collar, and the other essentials of civilian attire.

"What, Marley, not changed yet?" exclaimed the warden. "You'll be late for your train if you don't hurry up."

The convict raised his head, showing a shrewd and not ill looking face turned to the color of old leather.

"No, Mr. Rouse, I'm not changed, and I'm not going to change," he said obstinately. "I don't want to catch no 'train'."

"Don't want to catch the train?" echoed the warden. "But don't you know your time is up? You're a free man."

"Begging your pardon, sir, I don't want my freedom. I prefer to stay on here and look after the sheep as I have been doing for the last ten years."

Rouse's expression was almost comical in its bewilderment. In all his long experience of convict prisons he had never yet known a man to refuse his liberty.

"But look here Marley," he explained, "you don't seem to understand that you've got to go. You're the best shepherd we ever had. But the law says that you've got to leave Moorlands, and the law has got to be obeyed."

Marley got up and followed obediently down the corridor to the door of the governor's office. Grim old Col. Peyton raised his grizzled eyebrows in surprise at sight of Marley.

"What's the matter Rouse? This man ought to have left the prison half an hour ago."

"Yes, sir, but he won't go," blurted out the warden. "He says he wants to stay and look after the sheep as he has been doing for the past ten years."

"Is this true, Marley?" said Col. Peyton, bending a searching glance upon the old man.

"It's quite right, sir," said Marley eagerly. "I'd a deal rather stay where I be. I'm all right so long as I'm in here; but 'ow am I to live when I gets outside? What'll give a job to a chap like me?"

"Haven't you got any friends or relations who will give you a home or look after you?" asked the governor, and his tone was now more kindly than before.

"No, sir, I haven't got no friends—at least, not outside of Moorlands."

Reuben Marley added, with a touch of unconscious pathos, "I am sorry for you, Marley," said the governor, "but for the present you must change your clothes and leave the prison."

"What, you're going to send me away?" exclaimed Marley, in tones of bitter disappointment. Then the old obstinate expression came back into his face. "Very well, sir; all I can tell you is, 'won't be long afore you sees me 'ere again. A chap can always get back into prison if he wants to."

So saying, he touched his cap respectfully and marched briskly out of the office.

An hour later Col. Peyton, crossing the prison yard, met Rouse.

The Herald's Daily Short Story

There's a man wishes to see you, sir," said the chief warden. "Says his name's Marley. He's waiting in the office."

Marley? What a strange coincidence! said the colonel, hurrying off. An upright square shouldered man of 40 stood up as the colonel entered. "My name's Marley, sir—John Marley," he said. "I'm a son of Rouben Marley."

The governor started slightly. "I had no idea that Marley had a son," he said.

"He told me only this morning that he had no relatives."

"Very likely, sir. You see, sir, I went to Canada when I was still a lad. Now I've made a lot of money I've come back to England to find the old man."

It was the home office told me where to look for him," he added with a touch of sadness. "So I came straight down. I understand he's due to come out today."

"He has come out already," said the governor. "He left for Plymouth on the 11:40 train."

An expression of alarm crossed John Marley's face.

"Then I must be after him at once, sir. Could you tell me when the next train leaves?"

"It was sorry to say there is not one before five," replied the colonel.

Marley's look of dismay made Col. Peyton feel genuinely sorry for him.

"I am almost as anxious as yourself that no harm shall come to your father," he said. "If you care to take my car, you can be in Plymouth in an hour."

He cut short Marley's thanks by ringing the bell and ordering the car, and within less than five minutes the old convict's son was being whirled rapidly in the direction of the sea.

His chauffeur drove his passenger by the tram terminus, opposite the Royal theater, and John Marley stood staring round him helplessly. Plymouth is a big place, and he had not the faintest idea in which direction to look for his father.

"He was sitting three as he passed—Derry's clock. 'I'm too late,' he said to himself sadly. 'The old man's been here a matter of two hours by now. It's long odds he's locked up by this time.'"

At that moment he caught sight of a small crowd opposite a jeweler's shop on the west side of the street.

"Go it, old 'un!" he heard a rough voice shout.

"Stop him! He's dangerous!" cried some else.

"Haven't there isn't no one can stop me!" came in high, cracked tones which had a familiar ring in John Marley's ears.

"Great Scott, but it's father!" he gasped, and set to running as hard as he could.

As John Marley drew near there was a sudden surge among the knot of people. They drew back, and in an open space in the middle he saw his little, wizened, white haired father, with no hat on, peering in front of the window with all his force.

The heavy plate glass broke with a noise like a gunshot, and the pieces fell in a rattling shower to the stone pavement. Instantly old Reuben thrust a skinny arm through the

The Versatility Of the Present German Emperor

XXX.—THE GERMAN ADVANCE

BERLIN, Germany, Sept. 3.—Although for nearly two years the star of his destiny has been in partial eclipse, the German emperor still remains the most interesting and picturesque figure on the stage of the world. William II. is not only emperor and king, for the world knows him also as a soldier and a sailor, a preacher and a prophet, a journalist and an artist, a stage manager and an orchestra leader, a factory manager and a merchant, a student philosopher and a hard hitting sportsman.

He believes in his soul that he is the divinely appointed priest, prophet and prince who is to show to the world the way to God's salvation, and he considers any man who dares to oppose his will to be not only an enemy of king and country, but also an enemy of God.

The Human Kaiser.

And yet he is so pitifully, so painfully and so frailly human. His withered arm hangs uselessly at his side—a constant reminder of the slings of his fathers and the daily despair of court photographers who must not let the infirmity be manifest in the portraits of their august Kaiser. His blood is hot, there is even a danger of the royal malady which cut short his father's reign after only three months on the throne. A common plebeian boil on the majestic knee of the emperor is a terrible reminder of his people, for whether or not the Hohenzollerns take their crown from God alone, as William has boasted, it is most terribly certain that the Hohenzollerns' bodies are cursed with disease.

His inhumaneness more than his divine commission that makes the German emperor a figure of such commanding interest. He is intensely human, and he is what every Prussian would like to be if he had the opportunity. In the summer time the mountain and seaside resorts clamor for help. Employers will be glad to give students the preference.

Don't be ashamed to work your way through school. Hard knocks always graduate the best scholars.

Usually self-supporting students are the most desirable from the ethical viewpoint. They can't afford to drink or gamble or to take part in reckless extravaganzas that so often characterize the college life of rich men's sons. And thus the poor boys who acquire habits of economy and thrift so necessary to make steady men.

Difficulties stand in the way of self-support in college, but as Epictetus says, "Difficulties are things that show what men are." The man who works his way through college, clean, healthy, self-reliant, needs no other credentials.

The Autocrat and the Democrat.

There ever has been this strange mixture of autocracy and democracy in the career of the emperor, both before and since he came to the throne. The remarkable feature of his versa-

tility is that he has been able to maintain his imperial isolation and superiority by all of his democratic activities. He can manage a pottery factory and conduct a retail china-ware store, and all the while he quite as much an emperor as when projecting a plan to make his empire the supreme naval power of the world.

He is an indefatigable worker. He will appear in the royal opera house at Berlin at eight o'clock in the morning, and, usurping the place of the stage manager, will rehearse the company until after midnight without giving himself or the singers any opportunity for rest or refreshment. He has been known to leave the theatre after one of these all-day rehearsals without showing fatigue, leaving the opera company in a state of complete exhaustion. It is said that the opera singers dread his appearance at a rehearsal more than anything else that possibly can befall them.

Thanks He Is An Artist.

He believes himself to be a painter of merit and a composer of no mean order, and of course there is no one who dares to criticize either his canvases or his scores. He likes to be regarded as an artist and as a patron of arts, and his capital and other German cities are filled with monuments to his tastes, good or bad. His famous avenue of Victory in Berlin, lined with statues of his Hohenzollern ancestors, pleased few artistic critics, but himself, and yet the great majority of ordinary people who see it consider it one of the most beautiful things in the world.

He has cherished always the notion of a state church, a German church, united and militant, headed by the ruling prince. He is himself "summus episcopus," the head of the German church which he hopes one day will be a universal church admitting all dogmas consonant with Christianity, and enforcing none except those essential to all Christians. Not only would he be priest, but prophet. He is always happy when preaching a sermon from the pulpit of one of his churches.

A Soldier First of All.

But above and beyond all, he is the soldier bent upon conquest—the typical conqueror of the Hohenzollern line of conquering princes. It is gall and wormwood to his soul that he has not been able to add one rood of territory to his continental domain. The commander of the strongest and most efficient Prussian army, he has existed, the chief of the strongest German navy ever afloat, the ruler over the wealthiest and most industrially powerful German nation of history, he has been unable to add one square inch of territory to his empire in every plan of territorial aggrandizement. His colonial experiments in Africa and Asia have been practically failures, the population of his empire is increasing more rapidly than that of any other European country, and yet there is no place where the overflow may go and still remain under the folds of the German flag. These things indicate the reason why other rulers always have regarded William as a dangerous man.

(Continued on Last Page.)

Abe Martin



Some sellers belong to a many blamed secret orders that they've 't' die before their wives kin get a new dress. Farming looks nice—from a car window.

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald of This Date 1900.

Harry Walz is back from a successful trip to the Pecos valley. The family of agent Hunt of the Southern Pacific will return tonight from a trip to California.

Mrs. L. W. Barber returned today from an extended trip to Wisconsin. H. M. Mundy has moved his family from Kansas City to El Paso. He will hereafter make this place his headquarters.

The series of hand concerts over the river, under the leadership of Aurelio Alvarado, has begun under favorable auspices. Crowds of Juarez people are out on concert nights to hear the music. The Juarez gentlemen have the noisy boys strictly in hand.

Frank Mangies and family of Sierra Blanca are in town. Some one yelled in front of the Venetian at 1 o'clock this morning. Parties who heard the screaming thought a murder was being committed. However, inquiry at the hotel and police headquarters did not develop anything today.

E. A. Cahoon, cashier of the Roswell bank, is in El Paso to meet Mrs. Cahoon, who returns tonight from a trip to California.

Bishop A. M. F. McDonald, jefe politico of Colonia Juarez, is at the Lindell for a few days.

C. B. Peacock of Memphis, Tenn., writes to sheriff Simmons stating that he intends to leave Memphis Sept. 15 on his bike and wishes to be posted as to the best roads through El Paso county. President Payne of the Cycle club has answered the letter.

Market quotations: Silver, 68 3-8c; lead, 23 5-8c; copper, 10 1-8c; Mexican pesos, El Paso, 53c; Juarez, 53c.

Fritzie Tells the News By Kennett Harris

He Just Wanted Some One to Know

FRITZIE stood on his front porch, the fresh morning breeze blowing at his red beard before him like a gay flag and his red face aglow as he waved his hand to an ungrudging suckard that was just strutting over the ridge. As soon as the suckard disappeared, Fritzie executed a clumsy double shuffle, which he stopped instantly at the sight of a frowning female face blurred through the screen door.

"I didn't think," said Fritzie, apologetically, "I should think that you would think."

"Excuse," said Fritzie, humbly, and in a hoarse whisper. Then he added, "There is noddings dat you should want in town."

"I would I want in town?" snapped the woman. "No, sir. You just stay right here. If I want you to go to town I'll let you know. You're mighty anxious to get to town. That's the third time you've asked me now."

"If dere was someding it would not take twenty-five minutes," urged Fritzie, wistfully. "I could ride der little mare, up she go like der wind."

"You heard what I said, didn't you?" said the woman. "I'm surprised at you."

She disappeared and Fritzie shambled to a bench, sat down and sighed heavily. The next instant his face cleared and the grin spread as wide as ever. He fumbled in his pocket, drew out a black snuff-box, piped, with a tarnished and battered metal cover, filled and lit it. He had taken only three or four whiffs when the screen door opened an inch or two and the woman said: "I should think you would know better than that."

"It was hard on a man," said Fritzie, his round eyes opening wide.

"Bad for him?" asked Fritzie, scornfully. "He'll all you think of him. Yes, of course, it's bad for him. It's bad for her, too. But then—smoke away if you want to. Do anything you like."

"Couldn't I go to town?" asked Fritzie, rising to put his pipe back in his pocket.

"If you don't care what happens go right along," said the woman. "If you haven't the feelings of me, go, by all means. If you ain't got no sense of duty or what's proper and decent, don't let me keep you."

"Oh, well," sighed Fritzie, relapsing into his seat. "But it was tough on a man."

As before, his expression soon resumed its cheerfulness, and at intervals he chuckled jubilantly. All the time his eyes rolled watchfully from end to end of the road that stretched beyond the farm gates.

Presently the screen door opened and the woman silently handed him the water pail. He took it and went to the well, hauled on the rope with long sweeps of his powerful arms, filled the pail and started for the house. At the moment that his back was turned, a covered buggy topped the ridge, came along the road and passed the gates.

It had jogged along several hundred yards past before Fritzie came out of the kitchen and saw it, and gaped after it desperately.

"Der mail carrier!" he gasped. "Bel Gott! Bel Gott!"

He made a movement as if to run and overtake the buggy, but checked himself.

himself. "Choost my luck!" he groaned. "Und now dere I'll be nobod at all."

He resumed his seat and hummed a song under his breath. Now and then, at a sound from the house, he laughed and chuckled softly. In a few minutes a man came out of the barn, with a sack and mail on his shoulder and him Fritzie proudly hailed, tiptoeing down the porch steps to the yard fence.

"Well," said the man.

"Komm here, Bill," he said. "Komm up by der house und listen."

"What's the trouble?" asked Bill, gruffly.

"You can hear him sometimes if you wait," said Fritzie, chuckling.

"What would I want to hear him for?" asked the man. "Think I ain't got nothin' better to do? Sehuler, you make me tired. It's worth five dollars more a month to work for a coot like you, blame if it ain't."

"Oh, well," said Fritzie, shrugging his shoulders, but still smiling. "Oh, well!"